But smothred it within my panting bulke.
Which almost burst to belch it in the Sea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie ?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me though) the melancoly flood,
With the grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night :
The first that there did greete my strangers soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke Manarchie afford false *Clarence* ?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud.
Clarence is come, false, fleeting periurd *Clarence*,
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and houled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noyse,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am affraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beares euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me :
I pray thee gentle Keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.
Brok. I will my Lord, God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs b
The mur
In Gods Name what are
Exe. I would speake wi
Bro. Yea, are you so br
2 *Exe.* O sir, it is better
Shew him your Commissi
Bro. I am in this comm
The noble Duke of *Clare*
I will not reason what is r
Because I will be guiltle
Here are the keyes there
Ile to his Maiesty, and cer
That thus I haue resignd
Exe. Doe so, it is a poy
2 What shall we stab
1 No, then he will say t
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer
1 Why then he will s
2 The vrging of that wo
of remorse in me.
1 What art afraid ?
2 Not to kill him, hauing
for killing him, from whi
1 Backe to the Duke o
2 I pray thee stay a wh
change, twas wont to hol
1 How dost thou feel
2 Faith some certaine c
1 Remember our rewa
2 Zounds he dies, I ha
1 Where is thy conscie
2 In the Duke of *Glo*
1 So when he opens h
Thy conscience flies out.
2 Let it goe, there's fe
1 How if it come to th

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